

Charming AMINTAS:

OR,
The Yielding VIRGIN.

To a Pleasant New Tune.

This may be Printed.



W hen first Amintas su'd for a Kiss, my innocent Heart was tender ; That though I push'd him away
from the bliss, my Eyes declar'd my Heart was won : I sate an awfull kindness wou'd use, before I the Fort
did surrender : But Love would suffer no more such abuse, and soon (alas) my Cheats was known : He'd sit
all day, and laugh and play, a thousand pretty things he'd say : My hand he'd squeeze, and press my knees,
till further on he got by degrees.



My heart just like a Vessel at Sea,
 Wou'd rols when Amintas was near me;
 But ah! so cunning a Pilot was he,
 Through doubts and fears he'd still sail on,
 I thought in him no danger cou'd be,
 So w:lely he knew how to steer me,
 And soon alas! was brought to ag:ce,
 To taste of Joys before unknown:
 Well might he boast, his pains not lost,
 For soon he found the Golden Coast;
 Enjoy'd the Day, and toucht the Shore,
 Where never Merchant went before.

A thousand times that he would be true,
 Amintas protested unto me;
 He then his soft Kisses again wou'd renew,
 So Balmie and Sweet, that I soon was woo
 With sighs and bows he rais'd such a fire,
 That made my young heart to surrender:
 And then by his Art he still blew it up higher,
 Till Maiden-doubts and fears were gone,
 None could resist when eber he list,
 So gently soft and sweet he kiss,
 His Head he'd rest upon my Breast,
 And those soft tender Pillows he be prest,

Soft Blushes always came in my Face,
 When eber Amintas dyew near me;
 He told me Roses lookt with such grace,
 And pretty fair dazies when Summer comes on
 He prest me, kiss me with so much love,
 I could not deny him the Blessing:
 And with such sweet Words my heart he did
 That soon I yielded to him alone. (move
 So Violets by the Sun are won,
 To spread their Leaves and be undone;
 The heat does warm and sweetly charm,
 And makes young Maids forget all the harm.

The Marble Stone will melt by degrees,
 It often soft Dew doth drop on it;
 Amintas he any Maiden might please,
 To yield to his Arms, and like me to be woo
 Could any resist such gentle soft charms,
 Such bows, such sighs, and such kisses?
 Could any repine at so sweet a Youth's arms:
 She sure must yield, or else be a Drone.
 We will not lose no time in Rhime,
 But say that Maidens in their prime:
 Should so their Head take Tom or Ned,
 For Flint will break on Feather-Bed.